

A BREIFE
REPLICATION
 UPON THE
SPECIALL PASSAGES
 IN
S^r.FRANCIS WORTLEYS
B O O K,

Which He DEDICATES to

F A M E
 A N D
TRUTH.



Printed at York by Stephen Bulkley, 1642.
Cum Privilegio.

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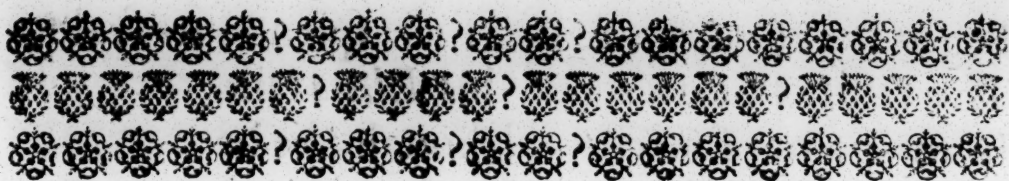
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*A Brief Replication upon the speciall Passages in Sir
Francis Wortleys Book, which he Dedicates
to Fame and Truth.*

THy faire Elisa's forme before mine Eies
Rich wrought in Phanfies fin'st embroyderies
I have seen with great delight, wherein I find
Fixt, a whole set of Vertues in one mind ;
Oh Sweetest Harmony, that I could heare
Them tune in one they'd captivate mine eare ;
Such Silken twists woven in Royall bloud,
What Cynick but will sweare that party good ?
Yet while the case thou does expostulate
With fortune, for making her unfortunate,
Cause the blind wavering Goddesse still neglects
That famed Lady, seems the worst her Sex.
Thou baulks her worth, Clouds with the mask of
Her vertues that do lend so fair a Light; (Night,
Wheron succeeding Ages as they passe,
May gaze, so may she be Times Looking-Glasse.
Such Merits Scales the Skies disdain to bow,
And worship Idoll Fortune here below ;

Beg at her doore an Almes such splendours scale
The vault of Starres nor dos *Eliza* faile
In any point of merits, although She be
Wel-nigh half Ship-wracht, plung'd in sorrows Sea
Fathoms the deep'st misfortune, whose Martyr-
Will write her Epitaph upon her Tombe. (dome
Had She been *Romes*, perhaps Statues had been
Set up, and Temples reard to *Bobems* Queen ;
Yet know no ore-plus Acts of candide Saints
Whose carved forms, whose Pictures Papists Paints
In windowes, can counteruaile a Kingdoms blisse,
Suffice so unparalleld an Isle as this,
Had she been *Romes* perhaps the Triple Crowne
Had stood awry, and Popery gone downe ?
Then *Rome* had been aduanc'd to greater Praise
Then for it's Trophies in *Augustus* Daies.
Who would not then a blessed pilgrim beene
To see old *Luther* trample *Bellarmino* ;
But now her Fires are out, fruits of her Paradise
Do vvither, fatall is her throw at Dice :
As yet she's risen loser, at one Cast
She lost a Crown, two *Palat'nates* at last :
Her first begotten buried in the Sea,
Thus dos she wade the depth of misery :
Yet can I match her with an English Queen,
Wife to our Saint-like *Henry*, as deeply seen

In that Black Art, who once did Sway this Diadem
Most rich, and of unvalued esteem :
Whereof she was forestal'd, exil'd the Land,
Her only Son, by cruell Tyrants Hand
Payd Natures Debt ; Her Husband close pend up
In Prison, pledg'd His Son in the same Cup :
Her Self the Queen of sorrows, sadly spua
Her after Dayes, untill Her Glasfe was run.
Her Friends were crusht, hopt headlesse; such as by
Did quit themselves, liv'd in eternal night; (fright
Untill their Dying Day, a Crimson Floud
Of *English* lives was pow'rd out to make good
Her claime, and *Sicyphus* long endlesse toile
There was sustain'd; to Plant Her in this Soile.
Now in misfortunes Race, any report
To me, what distance either dos come short ?
But did that Queen through *Swedens* rise and fall,
Get Ground or lost of th' Powers Imperiall,
And did Her hopes begin to Burnish, Sprout,
As nourish'd by that Sun, whose Raies throughout
The World gave Shine, which if it had not Set
So soon, the Eagle had forgone her Coronet :
Had Great *Gustavus* dealt His morsels then,
Plac'd *Bohems* Queen upon Her Throne agen,
Oh superarogation ! What Conquering Hand
Purchas'd a Crown, then gave away the Land.

Great

Great *Macedon*, that queld the Earths round Ball,
What Countries *gratis*, gaue He ere at all?
Live *Bohems* Queen, Heaven in verse thy fate,
And put a Period to misfortunes Date.
Let th'Mournfull Acts of thy sad Age each one
Be Playd o'th Stage, sad thoughts packt up & gone;
And let's resigne the Rudder to His skill,
Who Cōmonwealths and Kingdoms deals at will;
Whose Arme Spans East and West, whose Palme
dos beare
This frame, and tacks the Center to the Sphere.

*A Second Salutation to that Royall Prince Robert,
upon His Landing in England.*

PRincely *Demetrius*, with what Devotion
Prest we great *Neptune Nerens* gods of th'Ocean?
To leuell plain the Seas, and please to smile
Thereon, till thou was landed in this Isle.
VVith what a lavish Tide of Mirth we sweld,
VVhen on the Brittish Coast, we but beheld
The Bulk that bare thee on, we could not chuse
But strive, who should be Legate of this Newes
Unto our Prince? which with such Joy posselt him,
'S though with another Son, Heaven had blest him.
Hereby

Hereby thou may discerne Great Generall
Of Hearts, how welcome thou art to us all.
High *German* Spirit, of whose manly port,
Report in halfe the way seems to fall short,
And stagger with that Burden shee should beare
Upon her Back to every itching eare.
Come brave *Achilles* our begun designe,
VWill not March on without that Heart of thine.
So Rings the Delphian Bell, and so sing wee,
Our *Cordelion*, was but a Type of Thee.

FINIS.